Smith's Report

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Some of It Happened – Some of It Didn't

The Light Flickers

by Jett Rucker

This issue of *Smith's Report* must be the first ever that lacks the byline of Bradley Smith.

Our namesake and "face" has given over what for anyone else would be their "golden years" to the fight for freedom to discuss openly what might be history's most-contended subject. It is a supreme act of self-sacrifice, perhaps to be compared with the self-immolation of Reinhold Elstner in Munich in 1995, which Elstner accompanied with a manifesto that haunts every broad conscience to this very day.

But Bradley's fight has not consumed him, nor has it, as in cases such as that of his younger (by ten years) opponent, Abraham Foxman, enriched him financially. He struggles on, in the face of advancing age, implacable opposition, massively inferior funding compared with that of his opponents, and intractable deficiencies of means not only for conducting the good fight, but even for sustaining his meager standard of living and growing medical needs.

Recently, in addition to the cancer and other afflictions he has borne through the years, his doctor added concerns for his heart. Bradley long since earned his rest, but he has never taken it. As of press time, he has been slowed to a crawl compared to the vigorous pace he has maintained through all the years we've known him.

Get well, Bradley. The fight goes on—without you if it must, but with you always as an inspiring example for all of us who follow in your courageous footsteps.

Transition Times

Late on July 16, Bradley Smith called to tell me that he won't be able to do *Smith's Report* anymore. Hence Jett, doing the writing, and I (formatting and actual publishing) got the present issue out all by ourselves.

We don't know whether this is temporary or permanent, but the writing has been on the wall for a while, and preparations have been made to hand over operations to younger generations, if need be.

During that transition, the ride may be somewhat bumpy at times. Those reading *SR* online won't notice, but the print issue will be a logistical and financial challenge. After all, we cannot possibly use funds sent to Bradley/CODOH. Right now Bradley needs all the pennies he can get.

Think of this as an opportunity to improve *SR*, though. We strive to have a higher diversity of contributors, and we dream of turning *SR* into *the* revisionist newsletter, reporting about anything worth reporting in our field.

In order to reach that goal, we would like to add two staff members to our team. One would report about events impacting free speech, the other about new revisionist activities of interest: print media, internet posts, videos, podcasts, public events. After a trial period, these positions will come with a small remuneration. If interested, please drop an email to feedback@codoh.com

Germar Rudolf

I Was Gassed!

A Holocaust Revisionist's Experience with Carbon Monoxide Poisoning

by Eric Hunt

I have survived carbon-monoxide poisoning, more than once. My latest carbon-monoxide poisoning was caused by an improperly installed stove ventilation fan located next to a natural-gas hot-water heater. This latest CO poisoning was the most severe.

From my experience of being "gassed," I have several observations pertaining to "Holocaust gassing" claims. As we are told, carbon monoxide was the mass killer in the Treblinka, Sobibor, Belzec, and Majdanek camps, as well as in the T4 euthanasia program.

However, comparing real carbon-monoxide poisoning to the fictional mass gassings in fake shower rooms we have been brainwashed into believing, there are several major inconsistences which further expose fraudulent "Holocaust" gassing tales as bogus atrocity fiction.

This most-recent gas poisoning occurred in winter, of course, when all the windows in my apartment were closed. After having just cooked lunch, we left the ventilation fan on over the range while my roommate took a hot shower. However, due to negligence in the recent renovation of our apartment, the ventilation fan had no exhaust outside the apartment. There was no hole in the wall to exhaust its output! The ventilation fan sucked uncombusted gas and carbon monoxide out of the water heater's burner, lethally located in a cabinet right next to the stove ventilation fan, right into the apartment.

Several minutes later, my roommate and I began to feel woozy. I heard a strange ringing in my ears. My head hurt a bit. I stood up and walked towards the kitchen. My walking was uncoordinated, and my vision became blurred. I felt like I was very drunk.

We knew something was wrong. Then I smelled gas—not the carbon monoxide, of course, but the uncombusted gas that was mixed with it.

"Gas" I called out. I wasn't able to yell; my voice trailed off as I said that one word. Contrary to Holocaust industry claims about screaming and wailing victims, one is barely able to speak, let alone scream when one is quickly losing oxygen to the brain.

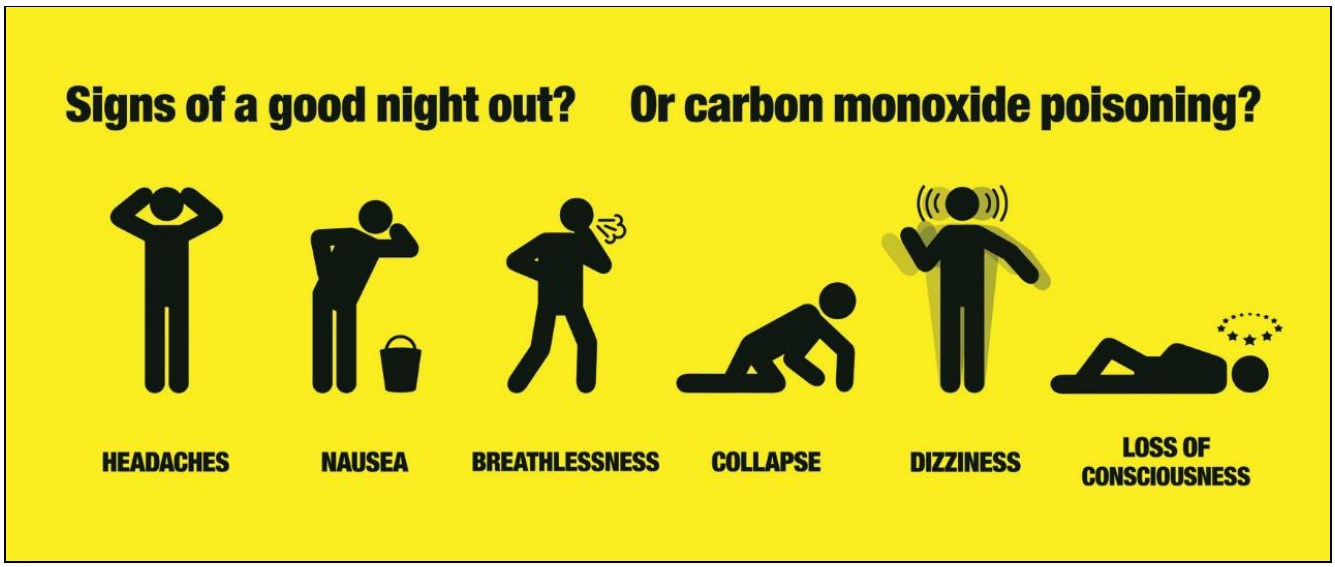
I was losing energy with every step. My vision became blurry, I was dizzy, stumbling towards a window. I rushed and opened a window, but it had little effect. I opened another window on the same side of the apartment, and tried to suck fresh oxygen into my lungs. My roommate came stumbling towards me. I saw her lose balance and try to rest on the couch, then try to get back up again. She almost fell over, and I broke her fall and placed her on the floor.

"Lie down" I said. She looked very frightened, and her face was bright red. The gas affected her more quickly than it did me.

I rushed to the window again and tried to suck more air into my lungs, but felt little benefit. By this time I was out of energy, and felt I was losing consciousness. Helping my roommate to the floor expended a lot of my internal reserve of oxygen, and my heart rate was increasing. I could only kneel near the window at this point and try to breathe in fresh air. I felt like I was close to blacking out, and knowing about the deadly nature of CO gas, truly felt near death. It felt like curtains were closing on my vision, and my consciousness.

However, there was no pain. Towards the worst of it, I even accepted my fate. Kneeling near the window, not feeling the fresh air take effect, it felt like there was nothing else I could do. Having made videos explaining how carbon monoxide binds to hemoglobin, creating carboxyhemoglobin, I knew if the fresh air didn't work, and quickly, we'd both be unconscious soon, and likely die.

So towards the worst of it, kneeling near the open window, I felt closer to death than I've ever felt. My vision was becoming blurry and it felt like my field of vision was narrowing, like curtains slowly closing in front of my eyes, and on my life. At that moment, to my surprise, it wasn't so bad. There was no pain. I was able to breathe normally; just the oxygen wasn't getting to my brain. Maybe endorphins and adrenaline kicked in at



that point. I felt shocked and disappointed that I'd die in a preventable accident. I could imagine the headlines. "Holocaust Denier Gassed!" I felt it was an embarrassing way to die. I was in no pain, just sorry that I felt I was about to die. However unlike fantasy "Holocaust" victims, the last thing on my mind was screaming or yelling. In between my internal ruminations on death and gassing, breathing and holding onto consciousness was the only focus.

Thankfully I became able to get up and shut off the gas supply to the water heater. I opened windows on the opposite end of the apartment. This helped a little bit; a small breeze went through the apartment, but not nearly enough to get the poison gas out of the apartment and replace it with fresh air. With my hands on my knees, I hobbled over and opened the door on a third side of the apartment. Only then, finally, did a rush of fresh air blow through the apartment.

My roommate and I put our coats and shoes on and hurriedly left the apartment, and with our hands on our knees, due to lack of oxygen and strength, stumbled down a few flights of stairs and into the cold winter air. Relief still didn't come, however. A different stage of the poisonous gas's effects was beginning.

If the initial effects – disorientation, blurred vision, discoordination, were like being severely drunk, what followed was a terrible hangover.

I had an excruciating headache for the rest of the day. It felt like no headache I have ever had before. I didn't feel like talking. "My brain hurt." I was incredibly thirsty. I drank water constantly thereafter. I felt like I wanted to vomit, but couldn't.

The gas was shut off in the apartment until repairs were made and a further inspection done. We didn't feel safe in the apartment overnight, and of course we had no hot water. We rented a hotel room, and it was only after taking a hot shower that I began to feel better.

Observations

Skin Coloration

Carbon-monoxide poisoning, as well as cyanide poisoning, results in distinctive bright, cherry red coloration on the victim's face and extremities. Holohoaxers such as Dario Gabbai and his Sonderkommando cousins, the "Merchants of Venice", the Venezia brothers, expose their lies when they claim victims turned "Black and blue."

Another impossible carbon-monoxide-victim color is yellow, as described in Holohoaxer Jankiel Wiernik's "A Year in Treblinka." Notice the Wieselian fictional atrocity poetry:

"They no longer shouted, because the thread of their lives had been cut off. They had no more needs or desires. Even in death, mothers held their children tightly in their arms. There were no more friends or foes. There was no more jealousy. All were equal. There was no longer any beauty or ugliness, for they all were yellow from the gas. There were no longer any rich or poor, for they all were equal before God's throne. And why all this? I keep asking myself that question. My life is hard, very hard. But I must live on to tell the world about all this barbarism."

www.zchor.org/treblink/wiernik.htm

I noticed a bright red coloration on the face of my roommate, and even got a photograph. The coloration of her face was similar to this carbon monoxide poisoning victim

shown below.

It's clear the "Sonderkommando" claiming gassing victims turned blue or yellow chose the wrong coloration, perhaps thinking their fictional gas-chamber victims would have turned blue because they were deprived of oxygen, not knowing the telltale bright cherry-red coloration of actual cyanide and carbon-monoxide victims.

My pink, unconscious roommate (in color online)

Ventilation

Even opening windows on opposite sides of the apartment did little to disperse the gas. Opening the door on the third side of the apartment did the trick. The two real, lifesaving clothing-delousing gas chambers in Majdanek which had heaters / blowers attached to a wall in the middle of them, with doors on opposite ends in them likely served the same purpose my apartment's third side door did. The operatives likely turned the heater / blower on after a gassing in addition to opening the opposite doors in order to disperse the gas quickly and entirely. In the absence of a ventilation fan, hoping for a simple cross breeze is not enough. A third source of ventilation works best.

The hoaxer-alleged "CO/Cyanide" gassing room next to the long clothing-delousing chamber at Majdanek, which has one door, a dividing wall placed where a useful, existing opposite wall ventilation door could have been useful, and an almost certainly Soviet-created crudely hacked hole in the ceiling, with a glass window which is not sealed, is not ideal whatsoever for ventilation after an alleged carbon monoxide gassing. They could have simply left the room in its original configuration, without the dividing wall, and a blower in the middle, like the room next to it, which we know was used for delousing clothing due to the telltale Prussian Blue staining on the walls. However, as Carlo Mattogno first pointed out, the room is connected to cylinders of carbon dioxide, not monoxide. What a blatant hoax!

You can try this yourself (in the winter when all the windows are closed). Try opening one window in your house and smell how long it takes to provide your entire house with fresh air. Then open two windows, opposite each other. Then open a door or window on a third side of the house or apartment and see the difference. The third source of air makes all the difference.

Of course anyone designing a real "gas chamber" would be aware of these ventilation problems, which mocks the claim that the smaller gas chamber at Majdanek, which, absent the obviously post-war Soviet created hole in the ceiling, only had one door to ventilate the room, is far from something the

Resuscitation of a pinkish CO-poisoning victim (in color online)

ingenious German engineers would have created for mass murder. In fact, your shower has better ventilation than the alleged carbon-monoxide gas chamber at Majdanek.

The average shower, which usually has a ventilation fan, has more ventilation than many of the alleged genocidal mass gas chambers. So a real shower room would actually work better as a gas chamber than the mythical fake shower rooms of mainstream fantasy. But as we know at Majdanek, the real shower rooms and real clothing-delousing chambers were separate rooms, both serving life-saving purposes.

Screaming – Highly Unlikely!

While being gassed to death, it is highly unlikely victims would manage to scream, expelling air, rather than doing their best to inhale air. When my roommate and I spoke to each other during the "gassing", each word was difficult to speak. With a lack of oxygen-provided energy, every word was faint and trailed off towards the end. Like someone half awake. We spoke only a few words to each other, perhaps instinctively trying to preserve every last bit of energy.

While one's body is shutting down, one's increasingly confused and disoriented brain is focused on holding onto life and consciousness, and as one loses the ability to stand or speak, screaming becomes instinctually counter-productive to survival, as one simply hopes to inhale as much oxygen as possible in order to survive. Someone being gassed is programmed to get fresh oxygen IN to their lungs, not screaming, yelling, and blowing air OUT!

After recovering from carbon-monoxide poisoning, I joked to my roommate that the Jewish God was punishing me. I reconsidered all sides. I almost died from carbon monoxide gas. Wow. Were three million Jews really gassed in ways similar to what I just experienced? Not to mention another 1 million (give or take) in "gas vans"?

Examining in particular eyewitness testimony, it's clear the symptoms described are impossible, simply not in the least consistent with real carbon-monoxide (or cyanide) poisoning. The victims wouldn't have turned blue, or yellow, but would have been bright, cherry red. They likely wouldn't scream and yell as alleged, and definitely could not make claw marks in cement walls.

Ventilation fan in my bathroom … better than what is said to have been installed in most of the alleged Nazi gas chambers.

In addition, technical provisions for ventilation post-gassing are not present in many of the alleged homicidal mass-gassing facilities, most prominently the smaller "Carbon monoxide" gas chamber in Majdanek.

Overall, stories of wailing, clawing, screaming Jews being gassed expose gas-chamber stories as scientifically impossible atrocity fiction. Real victims of gassing become confused, disoriented, breathe normally, but quickly lose energy, hit the floor, sometimes experience convulsions, then unconsciousness, and then death.

Carbon-monoxide poisoning, absent convulsions, is painless. It's like being really drunk, then becoming unconscious, and while unconscious, dying. Not a bad way to go. There are small differences among "pure" carbon-monoxide poisoning, cyanide (gas) poisoning, and death by engine exhaust. However, the major symptoms have not been properly described; in fact the opposite of reality has been chosen by the vindictive former prisoners. Horror versions of gassings such as that told by Irene Zisblatt are provable lies, chosen due to the hoaxer's ignorance of actual gassing symptoms.

The monstrous "Holocaust" gassing-in-fake-showers myth is strangling European civilization. But a tsunami of evidence, including that from real carbon-monoxide gassing survivors such as myself, unambiguously refutes that of "Holocaust" hoax peddlers. It's no surprise that Revisionist heroes such as Sylvia Stolz and Vincent Reynouard are due to be imprisoned by treasonous anti-European Zionist occupation governments. The evidence refuting Holohoax gassing lies is scientific, medical, and above all – irrefutable.

Eric Hunt is the filmmaker of "The Last Days of the Big Lie", "The Treblinka Archaeology Hoax" and "The Majdanek Gas Chamber Myth." All are available for viewing at www.HolocaustHoaxMuseum.com

What Would Happen If …

by John Q. Colleague

The following is an imagined memorandum or e-mail from the colleague of a Harvard University professor who, in an undergraduate history class, stated a "sensitive" historical fact concerning the Holocaust. No professor at any American university is known to have done any such thing in any such setting, nor would it seem at this time even remotely likely, not only because of the opposition of donors and funding agencies to such heterodoxy, but because of the ability in the present day for students to file complaints with the federal government under Title IX of the US Education Amendments of 1972 of a "hostile learning environment" (see tinyurl.com/pfk48ly)

For the time being, the situation is entirely hypothetical, although with the increasing inroads being made by revisionist scholars, an incident of this kind, or even perhaps a series of them, would seem practically inevitable over a sufficient period of time. However, Harvard in particular would seem an unlikely venue for early instances of such a momentous event. The percentages of Jewish students and faculty, which in reality change over time, are meant to be illustrative, not necessarily factual. Both professors are assumed to hold tenure.

Date *July 10, 2015*
To *Dr. Heedless Historian, Harvard [no real person, yet]*
From *Dr. John Q. Colleague [not anyone's real name, either]*
Subj *Historical Heterodoxy*

With your now-famous "no written order" remark, and refusal to retract or amend it in any way, you've crossed a line that can only get you "killed" professionally, and drag down a lot of the rest of us here at Harvard with you. The coverage, starting in our own Harvard Crimson and escalating to the Wall Street Journal, the Jerusalem Post, and the United Nations itself, must exceed your own expectations for it.

Or did it? Why did you have to blurt such a thing, in an undergraduate classroom containing something like 40 percent Jews, along with the rest of us, steeped all our lives in the historical brew consisting chiefly of Nazi guilt for the Holocaust? Our faculty, itself 25 percent or more Jewish, seems to stand shoulder-to-shoulder against you, along with the rest of the world, at least so far as it is reflected in the media.

OF COURSE no written order for the Holocaust from Hitler or anyone in the level below him has been adduced as yet—every historian on the planet knows that. But in making such a bald statement to a group of impressionable undergraduates, you're blatantly committing Holocaust Denial, a crime in many civilized countries, and worse than a crime here in Cambridge, where not only our student body and faculty ranks are almost 30 percent Jewish, but at least 80 percent of our donations are estimated to come from Jewish alumni. And that doesn't even count the many millions every year that come from our Uncle in Washington, all now threatened by the flood of Title IX "hostile learning environment" complaints coming not only from your students, but from others here who read the Crimson articles and report feeling threatened. You could bankrupt our employer just with the legal bills for dealing with these complaints, let alone the discontinued donations and federal funding.

Your recourse to claims of "academic freedom" is not only pathetically hollow, it has failed utterly to protect the dozen or so graduate students whose dissertation committees you're on, not to mention the poor sods who had the misfortune to be your teaching assistants and graduate assistants. These unfortunates have scrambled to take the unprecedented step of "firing" you from their associations with you, but they have already lost all their scholarship funding, and no other professor will take the risk of taking your (vital) place in their embryonic academic careers. Collateral victims, you could call them, but they're YOUR victims, and I hope you appreciate that, even as you yourself head toward bearing the consequences of your rash action; I hear your publisher has opted out of the contract you had for the publication of your next book, which seems to have nothing whatsoever to do with the Holocaust.

I don't hate the history you're doing, nor even hate your discreet and suitably equivocal disclosure of it to qualified audiences, but I do very much hate your noising such

sensitive information about in quarters which you know very well will visit massive retribution upon at least dear old Harvard, if not the professoriate generally. The allegory of Eve (and the Serpent) persuading Adam to partake of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge pales in comparison with the expulsion from the Garden of Eden that we may experience as the result of your intemperate remark and subsequent obstreperousness.

And you're going to lead the rest of us out of the Garden, be assured of that. You'll be in early retirement by this time next year; I hear you've been relieved of all teaching duties already. Personally, I entertain hopes that Harvard will be able to buy off the feds with fines totaling under a billion. Adding legal fees to the amount I hope for, most definitely will break into the ten-digit range, which may very well affect my own retirement, nine years behind what yours would have been if you had not committed, and stuck to, the Gaffe of the Century. No one will ever be able to reckon how many millions—or billions—will be withheld by Jewish alumni and the many others who see things as they do.

We who embark on academic careers in the service of Clio, the muse of history, do so with full awareness of the public's (and the government's) preferences among the many things Clio might whisper in our ears, and the great among us succeed in so winnowing these mutterings as not only to advance knowledge, but as well to motivate those who provide our daily bread, be that bread from voluntary donations or from taxes exacted from the swarming, benighted multitudes.

As for you, you have made your mark, and I see it as a blazing H, if you will, upon your forehead, which you will wear throughout the rest of your life, wherever you may go to elude those who pursue you and your descendants in time. Even Turkey, where Norman Finkelstein, author of The Holocaust Industry and former (non-tenured) professor at DePaul University, hides today from the wrath of our own Alan Dershowitz, won't be nearly far enough away from the scene of your crime.

I'm sorry, after all our years of collegial and personal collaboration, not to wish you well.

I just can't afford to.

John

When the Last One Dies … Look Out!

by Jett Rucker

Saints are canonized only after their deaths; there's no such thing as a living saint. It was only after the deaths of Jesus Christ and Mohammed that their respective religions, Christianity and Islam, acquired the sweeping force that enabled their adherents to lay waste countless cities and countries, the while slaughtering millions whose crime was being unwashed. Even the escaped Jews of Egypt waited for the death of Moses to begin the first of their by-now-numerous ethnic cleansings of Palestine.

I was born in 1945. Being the age I am, I might hope to live long enough to observe the announcement of the death of the last "Holocaust survivor;" I have already noted announcements, first, of the last veteran of the War Between the States and later, of the First World War. Both announcements were, in some sense, nominal, depending as they had to on records of who was a veteran and who was not, and whether they are alive or dead.

The inevitable announcement will dismay, or threaten, those younger poseurs who have, in one or another of many ways, managed to assume the sacrosanct office of Holocaust Survivor. The announcement will signify to them: the game is up! Cut it out now! The Last One is dead, so you'd better not be popping up and saying you're one, too—you'll be denounced and exposed.

Guesses as to what percentage of today's "Holocaust survivors" are fakes are necessarily somewhat arbitrary, but it's logically provable that since some time or other—I've chosen 1970 as a round-numbered year—the number of opportunists exceeded the number of genuine Holocaust veterans, at least insofar as self-proclaimed contenders are concerned, since real veterans of such experiences tend, for a number of good reasons, to be discreet about their qualifications. Latter-day "survivors" will have, at that ineluctable time in the future, to seek out some other scam to em-

ploy in their mulcting professions.

But the hallowed occasion of the future will spell disaster for one other interested group of people, and it's not one you'd expect to suffer on the occasion in question: revisionists. Yes, (we) revisionists.

The defining quality of a martyr is that the martyr must be dead. Whether the martyr died on a cross, or in a gas chamber, or even at the hands of his malefactors is not quite as inflexible as this requirement of being dead. And if the martyr is, as in the case of Holocaust Survivors, a group (that in fact grows actuarially larger with each passing year), then the group cannot be "a martyr" until every last one of them is dead, whether in penury or in ease and luxury. And one day, everyone potentially or actually a victim of that Holocaust will be dead—no two ways about it.

When that day is declared to have arrived, revisionists of the history in question will be moved from a position of disparagement and condemnation to a place directly atop the funeral pyre of the Last Victim. They will become, inescapably, defamers of the dead, a crime in European countries such as Germany that seems to have no applicability to defamees convincingly portrayed as having been Nazis.

Heretics burned at the stake for blasphemy in the Middle Ages were not so toasted for having dishonored the reputation of any living person; they were roasted for having in some way or other dishonored the memory of someone dead—Christ in most cases. Fates bearing comparison to being burned at the stake await those who, perhaps as early as the present day, are known to have seriously questioned anything about the experiences of the departed deities, or even the purposes, methods or guilt of those said to have tormented them.

As ersatz victims (children of Victims, grandchildren of Victims) rush to reap the rewards of secondhand victimhood, the sentences imposed on revisionists of all kinds will make the judgments meted out to hyperannuated prison guards such as John Demjanjuk seem mild—and the accused will encompass incisive thinkers of any age, not just those who are demographically at the threshold of death.

Those bewailing that inevitable time when "there will be no one left who can bear witness to the atrocities" conceal—consciously or not—an impending Inquisition that will make the intellectual atrocities committed to the present date seem a mere exercise. There will be criminal proceedings in places such as the United States where previously atrocities such as the extradition of Germar Rudolf had to be conducted *sub rosa*. There will, in that and other jurisdictions, be new laws prohibiting "hate speech" and "defamation of the dead" that will enable still more prosecutions, including those of offenders whose crimes were committed long before the laws were enacted that made their acts crimes.

The feeding frenzy of moral entrepreneurs will be gruesome indeed, at least from the perspective of its victims, among which will number both Freedom and its handmaiden, Truth.

The entire affair, totally anticipatable at the present remove, constitutes an opportunity that moral entrepreneurs are no doubt already contemplating, with an eye to capturing the cash-and-fame prizes that will go to whoever seizes that precious, earliest, moment when it can be pulled off.

The last eligible Victim will have been born (likely *in* a concentration camp) around the time I was. To note his or her death, I shall have to outlive them—unlikely in view of the financial incentives he or she has to continue to draw breath. But you, dear reader, if you are younger, may live to see the vaunted Event.

If, at that time, you might be identified somehow as a revisionist, God help you. Perhaps you should lie low for a decade or two, and only peep above the edge of the trench sometime well after the Terrible Event has occurred.

It will grow safer after that moment has passed … but slowly, ever so slowly. Remember Christianity. And Islam. And Judaism. And above all, those moral vultures who feed off popular hatred.

How Money Almost Killed Revisionism

(and Is Still Hurting It)

by Jett Rucker

The opponents of revisionism—not counting the billion-dollar reparations programs—collect and spend as much money in a week as all the world's revisionists in a year. If in 2014, revisionism commanded as much as a whole million dollars , the Holocaust memorials and theme parks, genocide-studies departments of a hundred universities, and anti-Semitism monitors of a dozen governments easily spent more than $52 million, or maybe ten times that much.

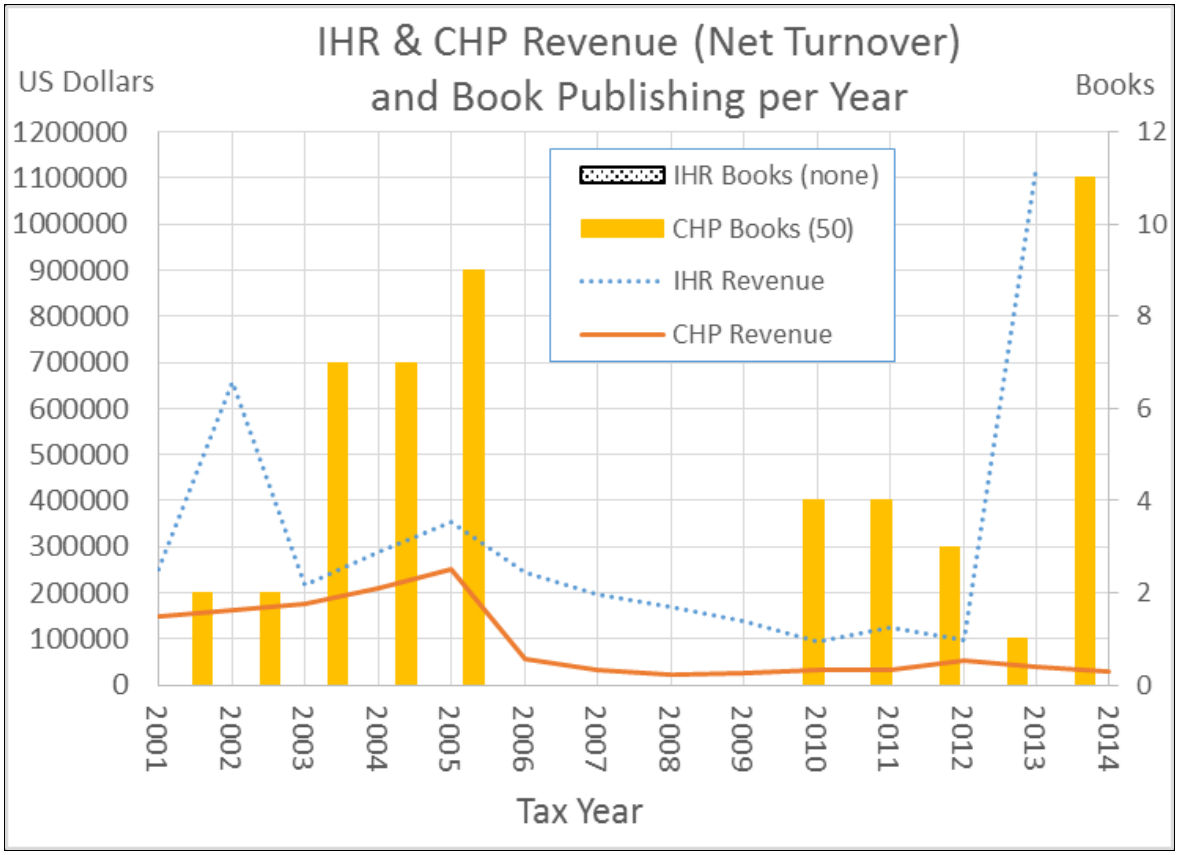
So when, in 1995, $7.5 million dollars became available to the Institute of Historical Review, then of Torrance, California, there should have been an upwelling of revisionist research, publications, events, and activity of every description. Right? You'd be wrong, of course, to expect any such thing. The massive windfall of money inherited from the death of a wealthy friend of IHR founder Willis Carto had the ironic ultimate effect of putting the IHR into what might as well be called suspended animation so far as revisionism is concerned, as well as locking up the many irreplaceable classic revisionist studies to which the IHR had acquired either the publication rights, the only usable manuscripts, or both, of authors both living and dead. The story of how this paradoxical effect emerged from what should have been the long-awaited ignition spark for revisionism is a long story covering many years, and many colorful personalities together with the destructive conflicts they entered into over this very same money.

By definition, or perhaps by a process that might be called "social selection," revisionists are (remember—I AM one) … quirky. From the get-go, we don't overly trouble ourselves to fit in with the larger numbers of those around us, though some of us can be quite personable in the odd moment. We're inveterately independent-minded, of course, and as one might expect the followers of such counter-cultural notions as we do, we're likely somewhat more convinced of the correctness of our conclusions, or at least of our doubts, than most of the rest of the herd. Willis Carto and his benefactress, Jean Farrel, granddaughter and heiress of Thomas Edison, certainly filled that bill, and other actors in the international, decades-long drama also did so, if less flamboyantly.

An exhaustive chronicle of the affair (see tinyurl.com/pz6psrw) was recently posted on CODOH's web site by a peripheral participant—peripheral here meaning that Germar Rudolf never got any of the money, nor did he in fact try to get any of it, other than to finance his extensive revisionist activities, which he conducted entirely without any IHR money, and to boot without more than cursory cooperation from them. Rudolf's accomplishments during the period in question are, in fact, at least partially listed in his post, along with those of the IHR during the same period for purposes of comparison. What (more) he might have done with at least cooperation, if not outright assistance from Jean Farrel's beneficiaries is a fascinating conjecture.

In his exhaustive account, Rudolf documents the IHR's decline since the ouster of its founder Carto, but he mercifully skips the multifarious details* of the legal and illegal infighting that occurred between Carto and those who ultimately succeeded him at the helm of IHR, led by present director Mark Weber. He also omits to mention that Carto today apparently still presides over a publishing and media empire considerably larger and more-active than today's IHR: the Barnes Review, between 2010 and 2014 host to the *Holocaust Handbook* series of Holocaust history, and much, much more having to do primarily with "conspiracy theories." The (mainstream) Holocaust narrative is the only conspiracy theory it debunks; the others, it seems to take much more-seriously.

Despite our quirks, revisionists are also, contrary to the imputations of our opponents, human in all the best and worst ways. Carto was, perhaps, rather more-human than most of us; the word "colorful" doesn't quite capture the man's verve, daring, and sheer brass. But he ended up literally facing the gun of one of his opponents, and his nerve fortunately ran out some-



In this chart, taken from Rudolf's internet article mentioned in this paper, Rudolf has tracked two properties:
1. The thin lines show the annual turnover produced by the IHR (blue, top), and by Rudolf's former company Castle Hill Publishers (red, lower line).
2. The bars show the number of new revisionist books (excluding mere new editions or reprints) which Rudolf published either as a publisher (until 2005) or then as the responsible editor (starting in 2010). The IHR has not published any new books since 2001.

where short of getting himself killed. Carto today is 87 years old. Weber and company, with his control unshakable and his pension plan not only fully vested but fully funded, seems intent on riding the non-profit at least to the end of his days (he's now 63).

The IHR, despite publishing no periodical and virtually no new book titles (see Rudolf's account), continues to seek and gratefully accept contributions, and donors subject to US income taxes receive the benefit of being able to deduct their donations from their taxable income. That's right—possibly alone among overtly revisionist organizations, the IHR is a tax-exempt organization recognized by the IRS. That precious—and prestigious—license is perhaps the crown jewel in the legacy that Weber and crew defend to the death (the IHR's death, not theirs).

But, again as detailed in Rudolf's indictment, the IHR apparently once guarded the intellectual property it had acquired to the extent, in the case of Arthur Butz's magisterial *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, of encrypting the print-ready file it had of the work. Rudolf "liberated" this revisionist classic, which was out of print until he did so. He recounts many other instances of being stymied in one way or another in his efforts to revive other out-of-print titles by the IHR's apparent intention or hope to return at least some of them to print and add them to its publications list, which it continues to circulate by both postal and electronic mail at regular intervals. This recalcitrance on the IHR's part makes the organization in effect an agent of the forces opposing revisionism in that it keeps many important, persuasive and informative literary works "on ice," preventing their publication. Copyright law often seems to serve the purposes of those who wish to suppress the dissemination of opinions and research findings, and this would seem to be a particularly vicious instance of the phenomenon, quite aside from whether the upshot is actually anyone's actual intention.

Revisionism's opponents, of course, receive bequests such as the one acquired by the IHR from Edison's granddaughter on a regular basis, at least if one regards the opponents in aggregate. Does this massive inflow of lucre disrupt the mission of this Empire of Evil? No, not really, if only because it is so constant, and so huge. Norman Finkelstein's 2000 best-seller *The Holocaust Industry*, details how staggering the scale of the money is on the other side. We're talking BILLIONS, here, with senators' (Al d'Amato) and Nobel laureates' (Elie Wiesel) snouts in the trough. Sure, kerfuffles occur, though not always directly about money. Tova Reich, wife of Walter Reich, briefly head of the US Holocaust Museum and Memorial, had recourse to fiction (*My Holocaust*, 2007) in her book (see amzn.com/0061173479) about the infighting and callous greed so widely on display in the precincts of that august institution. There, however, most of the many millions came annually from US taxpayers, so there was nothing of the one-shot phenomenon that dominated the scene over at the piddling little IHR.

For revisionists and revisionism, the IHR is long over and done; if you want tax deductions, consider the Humane Society, or perhaps cancer research. The Anti-Defamation League and the Southern Poverty Law Center, of course, offer very much the same tax benefits, but their agendas are in fact hostile to those of many of the readers of this journal, as most of us already know quite well.

If, on the other hand, you'd like to contribute to Holocaust revisionism and tax deductions be damned, then your prospective beneficiaries are very much out here, willing and able to accept donations and put them to good use. Think of our names and addresses (or URLs) as a bit like the truth about history itself: hard to find, but very rewarding once you've done the legwork.

* A good overview of the war was posted in 2012 by Carolyn Yeager on her web site at http://carolynyeager.net/battle-ihr.

Counterfire

Our Worthy Adversaries Are Honored with Our Finest (Counter-) Counterfire

by Jett Rucker

Banned as we are from "legitimate" fora such as "name" publishers, university faculties, and even (through the imposition of prejudicial "standards" of verification) from Wikipedia, we revisionists have been forced to take recourse in on-demand printing for our books and websites and blogs for our publications on the Internet. The well-entrenched defenders of the Holocaust Faith have for the most part remained loftily ensconced in their (much government-funded) ivory towers, and have occasionally deigned to publish perfunctory "ripostes" to our natterings as protocols to their various conferences in luxurious hotels in major cities of the Western world.

At least one intrepid band of "bloggers" (so-called in many of our references to them) has operated a website called holocaustcontroversies on blogspot.com since 2006, whose banner sports the smarmy motto "What Part Of The Word Genocide Do You Not Understand?" Its various participants including (possible pseudonyms†) Roberto Muehlenkamp, Jonathan Harrison, Sergey Romanov, Nicholas Terry and Jason Myers most spiritedly attack all manner of revisionist publications, assertions, and even individuals where they are able to identify a real person among their targets. Except of course for personal smear attacks, much of their work has been specific, pertinent, characterized by the presence at least of carefully selected and interpreted facts, and relevant to things revisionists have actually published (which they typically identify clearly without, however, providing hyperlinks to the targeted material). Their magnum opus appeared in 2011 as a massive white paper (see tinyurl.com/7arwaek) titled "Belzec, Sobibor, Treblinka: Holocaust Denial and Operation Reinhard," subtitled "A Critique of the Falsehoods of Mattogno, Graf and Kues," a good description of our opposition for once coming directly to grips with our findings and pronouncements.

While we are not necessarily

honored by their partisan sniping, I believe I can speak for many revisionists in saying that we are at the very least gratified that *some* defenders of the regnant faith deign to address not only us, but the things we actually say. Of such opposition, it might be hoped that superior information might eventually emerge from both sides, and in a manner that could command more credence than the unchallenged statements of either of the combatants alone. And the Bloggers (I gladly accord them the capital letter) have met us on the very open field of battle to which we have largely been relegated: the Internet.

But we at CODOH have experienced far greater gratification in our late discovery of a website (see tinyurl.com/qybz3x6), much of whose excellent work is dedicated to parrying Holocaustcontroversies's counterthrusts against revisionism, the Holocaust History Channel. Unlike Holocaustcontroversies, History has an About tab on its homepage, but it is not informative, containing only a rousing quotation of Thomas Carlyle, the erudite Scottish sometime translator of German into English. Interlocutions from the site's editor are signed with the initials —JF, and his opponents address him as "Mr. Jansson."

But curiosity as to the site's writer(s) and researcher(s) mounts even as it faces mounting competition for our interest from the material itself. The research and interpretation presented in the site's hundreds of posts to date (the first was in March 2013) are staggering in quantity and quality if they are, as it appears, entirely the work of one person. The clarity and focus of the text is consistently admirable, and even the editing (typography, spelling, punctuation) are virtually flawless. Aside from plentiful links to clearly identified sources, there are photographs, charts, graphs, diagrams, and even videos in dizzying abundance.

The entire setting, viewed in the context of the opposing website to which frequent and occasionally invidious reference is made, provides the kind of point-counterpoint debate from which any number of philosophers have declared that the truth is exclusively to be arrived at. The pair of contending blogs so vigorously and extensively confront and oppose each other's contentions that droplets of truth can almost be seen oozing out of the tumultuous mass.

Obviously, virtually all of those droplets of truth—believable, even occasionally provable truth—ooze from the Holocaust History Channel's side of the contest. But the role of Holocaustcontroversies, even if only that of an inferior sparring partner, is indispensable to the winnowing, distilling process that ensues from the clash of viewpoints.

I highly recommend you visit Holocaust History Channel, and dedicate amounts of time and attention such as you might devote to a fascinating book of depth-plumbing technical analysis of a subject that seems to grow more-vital with the passage of each year. You'll be well-rewarded.

† Holders of some of the more-common names have eschewed pseudonyms, and so have, by dint of considerable sleuthery, been identified. Nicholas Terry is a history professor at Exeter University in the UK. Jonathan Harrison, a graduate of Leicester University in the UK, is an adjunct professor of sociology at Florida Gulf Coast University in Fort Myers, Florida.

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